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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Bloody Banquet

By T. D.

Date of only known original edition . . . . 1620 (?)

(*B.M.* 643. *c.* 4.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 9.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Bloody Banquet

By T. D.

1620 (?)

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Bloody Banquet

By T. D.

1620 (?)

The British Museum original of this facsimile is catalogued as "643. c. 4, 1620 (?)." The reason for the query will be seen on reference to the title-page, the lower margin being cropped so as to render it uncertain whether the date reads "1620" or "1630." The balance of probability appears to be in favor of the first-named date.

The "T. D." of authorship is another crux. The play has been assigned to "T. Barker," which, says Hazlitt, is "doubtful." R. Davenport and T. Drue have also been credited with the authorship; to both, says Bullen, "without evidence." Other corresponding initials of possible claimants of the period are those of Thomas Deloney (for whose claim much might be said: see "D.N.B."), and Thomas Dekker, neither of whom, so far as I know, have been suggested as author. Nor do I now suggest either. I restrict myself to pointing out that, as regards Thomas Dekker, the printer of "The Bloody Banquet"—Thomas Cotes—also printed others of his plays and pamphlets. Also in the second place that Dekker was fond of tacking on to many of his titles pieces of Latinity—mottoes, as it were, descriptive, or otherwise pertinent. For examples, see the title-pages of "Satiro-Mastix," "The Double P.P.," "The Bellman of London," "The Gul's Hornbook," "Work for Armourers," "Four Birds," &c., "A Strange Horse-Race," "Wars, Wars, Wars," &c., &c. This practice was seemingly not common until a somewhat later period. But other evidence is needed—internal, external, of any kind.

The work of reproduction has been well done: photographer and printer—both—have well sustained their long-attained all-round excellence of workmanship, oftentimes in difficult circumstances.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE BLOODIE BANQVET.

A TRAGEDIE.

Hector adeſt ſecumque Deos in prœlia ducit
Nos hæc nouimus eſſe nihil.

By T. D.

LONDON
Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, 1620.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

The King of Lydia.
Tymethes *his Sonne.*
Lapirus *his Nephew.*

The King of Lycia.
Zantippus *his Sonne.*
Eurimone *his Daughter.*

Armatrites *King of* Cilicia.
Zenarchus *his Sonne.*
Amphridote *his Daughter.*
His Young Queene.
Her Mayd.
Mazeres *his Favorite.*
Roxona *the young Queenes Keeper*

Fidelio. } *Two faithfull Servants to the*
Amorpho } Lydian *King.*

Sextorio. } *Two unfaithfull Servants*
Lodovicus. } *of his.*

The Old Queene of Lydia.
Her two little Children.

Chorus. 4. *Servants.*
The Clowne. *Souldiers.*
Two Shepheards.

THE BLOODY BANQVET, A TRAGEDIE.

INDVCTIO.

Enter Floriſh.

AT one doore *the old King of* Lydia, Tymethes *his Sonne,* Lapyrus *his Nephew, and Souldiers. At the other the old King of* Lycia, Zantippus *his Son,* Eurymone *his Daughter, and Souldiers. The two Kings parley, and change hoſtages for peace.* Lapyrus *is given to the* Lycian, *and* Zantippus *to the* Lydian. *The* Lycian *ſeemes to offer his daughter* Eurymone *to* Lapyrus *to fall from his Uncle, and joyne with him; he accepts her, drawing his ſword againſt his Country and Uncle. The* Lydian *ſends his ſonne* Tymethes *for ayd; he enters againe with* Armatrites *King of* Cilicia, Zenarchus *his ſonne, and* Mazeres *a young Prince, the* Cilician *Kings follower. All they draw againſt the* Lycians *party, whereat they all vith* Lapyrus *flye; the two other Kings purſuing them. Then* enter *the old Queene of* Lydia *flying from her Nephew* Lapyrus, *with two Babes in her armes; he purſuing her with his drawne ſword.*

Enter Chorus.

After the waſte of many thouſand wounds
Given and receiv'd alike, in ſeaven ſet battailes,
Lydia's old King upon conditions ſign'd
For Peace and truce, enter'd confeigned league
With his fierce enemy the *Lycian* King
Gave him in Hoſtage as his pledge of faith,
His Nephew, Lord *Lapyrus*, and receiv'd
Noble *Zantippus* from the *Lycian*;
To make the contract full and honourable,
This Lord *Lapyrus* entertain'd and wellcom'd
But chiefely by the faire *Eurymone*
The Kings ſole daughter, who unto *Lapyrus*
Offers her as his Bride, ſo he would turne
A Traytor to his Country and his King:
Lapyrus, to obtaine the beautious mayd
Turnes Traytor to his King, and joynes his forcē
Vnto his faire loves Fathers, *Lycia's* Kings;
Th' old King of *Lydia* being ſo beſet
By his owne Nephews unexpected trechēries,
Sent forth his ſonne *Tymethes* to crave ayd
From *Armatrites* King of great *Cilicia*,
Which he obtain'd in a diſaſtrous houre
As the event will witneſſe; In this trouble
The frighted Queene with her two Infants fled
Into a Forreſt, fearing the ſad ruine
Hourely expected, untill *Armatrites*
With a freſh Army forc'd *Lapyrus* flye
And ſav'd the King, doom'd for worſe treachery.
What followes ſhewes it ſelfe; tis our full due,
If we with labour give content to you. *Exit.*

Act. I. *Scene.* I.

Enter, The two Kings of Lydia *and* Cilicia, Zenarchus *ſonne to the* Cilician, Tymethes, *ſonne to the* Lydian, Mazeres, Fidelio, Amorpho, Sextorio, Lodovicus, *when they come unto the Throne, the Tyrant of* Cilicia *puts by the old King, and aſcends alone: all ſnatch out their ſwords,* Mazeres *crownes him, the old King and* Tymethes *ſtand amazed.*

Floriſh.

Arm. Speranza.

Omn. Long live *Armatrites* King of *Lydia.*

King. How?

Arm. Art thou amaz'd old King, and all thy people
Mutually labouring in a fit of wonder?
Start from thoſe pale dreames, we will prove all true,
Who wins the day the brightneſſe is his due.

King. King of *Cilicia.*

Arm. I and *Lydia* now,
Bate us not our Titles, we and ours
Have ſweate and dearely earn'd them in our fleſh.

King. It ſavors not of nobleneſſe nor vertue,
Religion, loyalty, heaven or natures lawes
So moſt perfidiouſly to enter, Tyrant,
Where was, expected honeſty and honour,
Aſſiſtance from a friend, not a diſſembler,
A Royall neighbour and no politique foe.
What worſe than this could th' enemy performe?
And when ſhines friendſhip beſt but in a ſtorme?

Arm. Why, doating *Lydia*, is it of no vertue
To bring our Army hither and put in venture
Our perſon and their lives upon our foes?
Waſting our courage, weakning our beſt forces;
Impoveriſhing the heart of our munition,
And having wonne the honour of the battaile
To throw our glory on unworthy ſpirits,
And ſo unload victories honey thighes
To let Droanes feede?

King. Will nothing ſatisfie but all?
Arm Without all, nothing.
The Kingdome and not under ſuites our blood,
Flyes are are not Eagles preyes nor thankes our food:
And for *Cilicia* our other ſpheare,
Our ſonne *Zenarchus* let thy beames move there.
Zen. Rather, my Lord, let me move pitty here,
Vnto that reverend fate-afflicted King;
For whom, with his diſconſolate ſonne (my friend
And plighted Brother) I here kneele as Sutor.
Oh my moſt Noble Father, ſtill retaine
The ſeale of honour and religion,
A Kingdome rightly poſſeſſed by courſe,
Containes more joy than is uſurpt by force.
Arm. The Boy hath almoſt chang'd us.
Max. He cooles — my Lord, remember you are poſſeſs'd.
Arm. What, with the Devill?
Max. The Devill! the Dukedome, the Kingdome, *Lydia.*
All pant under your Scepter; the ſway's yours,
Be not bought out with words, a Kingdome's deare,
Kiſſe fortune, keepe your minde, and keepe your ſtate,
Y'are laught at if you prove compaſſionate.
Arm. Thankes to *Mazeres*, he hath refreſht our ſpirits,
Zenarchus, 'tis thy death if thou proceede,
Thy words we threate, riſe ſilent or elſe bleed.
King. Who can expect but blood where Tyrants governe?
Arm. We are not yet ſo cruell to thy fortune
As was *Lapyrus*, thy owne Nephew, trecherous;
That ſtole upon thy life, beſeig'd thee baſely,
And had betra.'d thee to thine enemies anger
Had we not beate his ſtrength to his owne throate;
And made him ſhrinke before us, all can tell
In him twas monſtrous, tis in us but well;
A tricke of warre, advantage, policy, nay rather recompence;
There's more deceite in peace, tis common there
T' unfold young helres, the old may well ſtand bare.
You have your life, be thankefull, and tis more
Than your perfidious Nephew would conſent to,

Had

Had he ſurpriz'd you firſt, your fate is caſt,
The ſooner you be gone 'twill prove the ſafer.
Kin. On thee *Lapyrus*, and thy treacheries, fall
The heavie burthen of an old mans curſe,
Fid. Your Queene with her two Infants fled the Citty
Affrighted at this treaſon and new warres.
Kin. Newes of more ſadneſſes than the Kingdomes loſſe,
She fled upon her houre, for had ſhe ſtayd
Sh' had either dyed, beene baniſh'd, or betrayd.
I have ſome ſervants here?
Arma. All theſe my Lord. (flattering, I am done,
Kin. All theſe? not all; you did forget, I am not worth the
Old and at ſet, honour the riſing Sunne.
If any for love ſerve me, which is he?
Now let him ſhame the world and follow me.
Fid. That's I my Lord.
Amor. And I.
Kin. What two of you?
Let it be enrould
Two follow a King when he is poore and old. *Exit. cum ſuis.*
Sex. Farewell King. Ile play the Flounder, keepe me to my
Lod. And ſo will I, this is the flowing ſide. (tyde.
Maz. Thoſe men are yours, my Lord.
Arm. We'le grace them chiefely,
Waite for imployment, place and eminence,
The like to each that to our bounty flies,
For he that falls to us ſhall ſurely riſe.
His ſonne *Tymethes* little frights our thoughts,
He's young, and given to pleaſure, not to plots.
Maz. Your Grace defines him right, he may remaine,
The Prince your ſonne, bindes him in a love-chaine;
There's little feare of him.
Arm. Their loves are deare,
Baſe Boy, he leaves his father to live here.
Maz. His preſence ſets a gloſſe on your attempts,
They have their luſter from him.
Arm. He's their Countenance,
Twas well obſerv'd and follow'd, he ſhall ſtay,

Mazeres,

Mazeres, thou art mest us that wonne the day:

Exit, all but Zenarchus and Tymethes.

Zen. None but *Mazeres*, that Court flye, could on
The vertues of the King blow such corruption,
Man falls to vice in minutes, runnes, and leapes,
But unto goodnesse he takes wary steppes.
How soone a Tyrant? why *Tymethes*, Friend, Brother?

Tym. Peace, prithee peace, you undoe me if you wake me,
I hope I'me in a dreame.

Zen. Would twere so happy?

Tym. No! why then wake Begger; but the comfort is
I have brave seeming kinsemen: why *Zenarchus*,
Tis not the losse of Kingdome, Fathers banishment,
Vncertainty of Mother, afflicts me
With halfe the violence that those crost affections,
Betwixt your Princely Sister and our selfe,
Who upon fortune, or her Fathers frowne,
Erecting the whole Fabricke of her love,
Either now will not, or else dare not love me.

Zen. Chance alters not affection, see in me
That hold thee deare still spight of Tyrannie:
Fate does but dim the glasse of a right man,
He still retaines his worth, doe what fate can.
Change faith for drosse? I will not call her sister,
That shall hate vertue for affliction.

Enter Amphridote.

And here she comes to cleare those doubts her selfe.

Amp. Strange alteration! will the King my Father
Goe to his grave a Ruffian and a Treacher?
In his gray heires turne Tyrant to his friends?
Wasting his penitentiall times in plots,
Acting more sinnes than he hath teares to weepe for them?

Tym. Alas Lady, fortune hath chang'd my state, can you love

Am. Why fortune hath the least cōmand ore love, (a begger?
She cannot drive *Tymethes* from himselfe,
And tis *Tymethes*, not his painted glories,
My soule in her accompliſh'd wish desires.

Zen. What say you now sir?

Tim.

Tim. Nothing but admire
That heaven can frame a creature like a woman
And ſhe be conſtant, ſeeing moſt are common.
Zen. Put by your wonder ſir, ſhe proves the ſame,
I ſpake her vertues for her ere ſhe came,
And when my father dyes I here doe vow,
This kingdome now detained wrongfully
Shall then returne unforcedly to you,
In part thy dowry, but in all thy due.
Tym. Vnmatched honeſt young man.
Enter Mazeres obſerving.
Zen. Come, let your lips meete though your fortunes wander.
Maz. Ha! taſte lips ſo bounteouſly with a begger?
Zen. Thus in firme ſtate let your affections reſt,
Time, that makes wretched, makes the ſame men bleſt. *Exeunt.*
Maz. What's here? either the Princes out of charities rare-
Are pleas'd to lay aſide their glories, and refreſh (neſſe
The gaſping fortunes of a deſperate wretch;
Or if for larger bounties I was mad
T' adviſe the King for his remaining here
That had beene baniſh'd, and with him my feare:
I love the Princeſſe, and the King allowes it,
If he ſhould prove a rivall to my love,
I have argued faire for his abiding here:
My plots ſhall worke his ruine, if one faile
Ile rayſe a ſecond, for I muſt prevaile:
I that us'd policie to cauſe him ſtay
Can ſhew like Art to rid my feares away. *Exit.*

Scene. 2.

Enter the old Queene with two Babes, as being hard purſued.

Que. Oh whither ſhall I flye with theſe poore Babes?
Twice ſet upon by Theeves within this Forreſt
Who rob'd me of my Cloathes, and left me theſe,
Which better ſuite with my calamity:

What fate purſues the good old King my husband,
I cannot learne which is my worſt affliction;
Oh trecherous *Lapirus* ! impious Nephew !
All horrors of a guilty breſt keepe with thee;
Either poore Babes, you muſt pine here for food,
Or have the wars drinke your immaculate blood.
Cry within follow, follow.
Oh flyē, leaſt life and honour be betrayd. *Exit.*

Scen. 3.

Enter Lapirus diſguiſed.

Lap. Villainē and fugitive, where wilt thou hide
Th' abhorred burthen of thy wretched fleſh ?
In what diſguiſe canſt thou be ſafe and free,
Having betray'd thy Counttey ? baſe *Lapirus*.
Earth ſtretch thy throate, take downe this bitter Pill,
Loathing the hatefull taſte of his owne ill.
Enter the Queene and two ſouldiers purſuing her. (ter.
Qu. Oh help, good heaven ſave a poore wretch from ſlaugh-
The. 1. Stop her mouth firſt, ſouldiers muſt have their ſport
Tis dearely earnd, they venture their blood for't.
Lap. A Mother ſo enforc'd by pittileſſe ſlaves !
Let me redeeme my honour in her reſcue,
And in this deede my former baſeneſſe dyē.
The. 2. Come, come.
Que. If ever woman bore you. (damn'd villaines.
Lap. Who ere bore them monſters bēgot them; mercileſſe
Both. Hold, hold, ſir; we are ſouldiers, but doe not love to fight. *Exeunt.*
Que. Let me diſſwade you from all hopē of recompence
Save thankes and prayers, which are the Beggers gifts.
Lap. You cannot give me that I have more needē of
Than prayers; for my ſoule hath a poore ſtocke;
There's a faire houſe within, but tis ill furniſht
There wants true teares for hangings, penitent falls,

For

For without prayers ſouldiers are but bare walls:
Whence are you? that with ſuch a carefull charge,
Dare paſſe this dangerous Forreſt?
Que. Generous ſir,
I was of *Ljdia* once, as happie then
As now unfortunate; till one *Lapyrus*,
That trayterous villaine Nephew to the King
Sought the confuſion of his State and him;
And with a ſecret Army guirt his Land,
Whon peace was plighted by his enemies hand,
Little expecting ſuch unnaturall Treaſon
From forth a Kinſmans boſome; all admir'd
But I his miſerable Queene.
Lap. Oh ſinke into perdition, let me heare no further, *aſide.*
Que. Ile tell you all; for your ſo late attempt
Confirmes you honeſt, and my thoughts ſo keepe you:
I frighted at new warres, and his falſe breath,
Choſe rather with theſe Babes this lingering death.
Lap. Oh in her words I endure a thouſand deaths.
Que. The truth of this ſad ſtory hath beene yours,
Now, curteous ſir, may I requeſt your name,
That in my prayers I may place the ſame,
Lap. Ile put my death into her woefull hands.
Que. I heare you not ſir, I deſire you name.
Lap. To adde ſome ſmall content to your diſtreſſe,
Know that *Lapyrus*, whom your miſeries
May rightly curſe, and be revenged juſtly
Lurkes in this Forreſt equally diſtreſt.
Que. In this Forreſt lurkes that abhorred villaine?
Lap. Theſe eyes did ſee him; and faith Lady, ſay
If you ſhould meete that worſt of villaines here,
That Treacher, Monſter; what would you attempt?
Que. His ſpeedy death, I ſhould forget all mercy,
Had I but meanes fully to expreſſe my vengeance.
Lap. You would not, Queene.
Que. No? by theſe Infants teares
That weepe for hunger, I would throughly doe't.
Lap. See yonder he comes.

Que. Oh where?
Lap. Here, take my ſword,
Are you yet conſtant? ſhame your Sex and be ſo; will you do't?
Que. I ſee him not.
Lap. Strike him through his guilt and trechery
And let him ſee the horrors of his perjur'd ſoule,
Are you ready?
Que. Pray let me ſee him firſt. *Puls off his falſe beard*
Lap. You ſee him now — now do't. *and kneeles.*
Que. *Lapirus!*
Oh fortunate revenge! now all thy villanies
Shall be at once requited, thy countries ruine
The King thy Vncles ſorrow, my owne miſeries,
Shall at this minute all one vengeance meete.
Alas, he doth ſubmit, prayes, and relents,
Who could wiſh more? none made from woman earth,
Small glory 'twere to kill a kneeling man:
When he in penitent ſighes his ſoule commends
Thou ſend'ſt him to the Gods, thy ſelfe to th' fiends:
But hearken to thy piteous Infants cryes,
And th'are for vengeance, peace then, now he dyes.
Ingratefull woman, he delivered thee
From raviſhment, canſt thou his murthreſſe be?
What's riches to thy honours? that rare treaſure
Which worlds redeeme not, yet tis loſt at pleaſure.
Kill him that preſerv'd that? and in thy reſcue
His noble rage ſo manfully behav'd?
Riſe, riſe, he that repents is ever ſav'd.
Lap. Will miſery yet a longer life afford,
To ſee a Queene ſo poore, not worth her word?
Que. I am better than my word, my word was death,
Lap. Man's nere paſt griefe, till he be paſt his breath.
Que. I pardon all *Lapyrus*.
Lap. Doe not do't.
Que. And onely to one penance I enjoyne thee
For all thy faults paſt, while we here remaine
Within this Forreſt, this thy taske ſhall bee,
To procure ſuccour to my Babes and me.

Lap.

Lap. And if I faile may the earth ſwallow me.
Que. Th'art now growne good, here could I ever dwell,
Were the old King, my husband ſafe and well. *Exeunt.*

Scene. 4.

Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus.

Zen. Come, come, drive away theſe fits, faith Ile have thee merry.
Tym. As your ſon and heire at his fathers funerall.
Zen. Thou ſeeſt my ſiſter conſtantly affects thee.
Tym. There were no mirth nor muſicke elſe for me.
Zen. Sir in this Caſtle the old King my father
Ore-worne with jealouſie keepes his beauteous wife,
I thinke thou never ſaw'ſt her.
Tym. No, not I.
Zen. Why then thy judgements freſh, Ile viſite her
On purpoſe for thy cenſure.
Tym. I ſpeake my affection.
Zen. Nay on my knowledge ſhe's worth Jealouſie,

Enter Roxano.

Though Jealouſie be farre unworthy a King.
Rox. My lov'd Lord?
Zen. How cheares the Queene? *they whiſper.*
Tym. Have I not ſeene this fellow before now?
He has an excellent preſence for a Pander,
I know not his office.
Zen. Vſe thoſe words to her.
Rox. They ſhall be us'd my Lord, and any thing
That comes to uſing, let it come to me. *Exit.*
Tym. What's he *Zenarchus*?
Zen. Who *Roxano*? a fellow in great truſt,
Elected by my fathers jealouſie.
But he, and all the reſt attend upon her
I thinke would turne her Panders for reward;
For tis not watch nor ward keepes woman chaſt,
If honours watch in her mind be not plac't.
Tym. Right Oracle; what gaine hath Jealouſie?

Fruitleſſe ſuſpition, ſighes, ridiculous groanes,
Hunger and luſt will breake through fleſh and ſtones:
And like a whirle-winde blowes ope Caſtle dores,
Italian padlockes,
Zen. What mad Lords are your jealous people then,
That lockes their wives from all men but their men?
Make them their keepers, to prevent ſome greater,
So oft it happens to the poores releefe,
Keepers eate Veniſon when their Lords eate Beefe.
Enter young Queene with a booke in her hand.
See, ſee, ſhe comes.
Tim Honour of beauty? there mans wiſhes riſe,
Grace and perfection lighten from her eyes,
Amazement is ſhot through me.
Zen. Tis *Tymethes*, Lady, Sonne to the baniſh'd King.
Que. Is this he?
Zen. It is ſweete Lady.
Que. I never knew the force of a deſire
Vntill this minute ſtrucke within my blood;
I feare one looke was deſtin'd to undoe me.
Zen. Why *Tymethes?* friend.
Tym. Ha? (our Lady Mothe.
Zen. A Courtier, and forget your firſt weapon? goe and ſalute
Que. He makes towards us: y'are Prince *Tymethes?* ſo I un-
Tym. The ſame unfortunate, moſt gracious Lady, (derſtand.
Supreameſt of your Sexe in all perfections.
Que. Sir, y'are forgetfull, this is no place for Courtſhip,
Nor we a ſubject for't, returne to your friend.
Tym. All hopes kild in their bloſſome.
Que. Too cruelly in faith I put him by.
Wine for our ſonne *Zenarchus*, twas done kindly
Enter Roxano with wine.
You ſonne, and our beſt Viſitant.
Zen. Duty bindes me.
Que. Begin to me *Zenarchus*, Ile have't ſo.
Tym. Why then there's hope ſhele take occaſion
To drinke to me, ſhe hath no meanes t' avoyd it.
Que. Ile prevent all looſe thoughts, drinke to my ſelfe,

My

Drinkes and gives Roxano the Cup.

My minde walkes yonder, but ſuſpect walkes here.

Tym. The divell's on that ſide and engroſſes all,
Smiles, favours, common curteſies, none can fall
But he has a ſnatch at them; not drinke to me?

Que. Make you yon ſtranger drinke. *Rox. offers it him.*

Tym. Pox of 't not I.

Que. I ſpeake ſtrange words againſt my fantaſie.

Zen. Prithee *Tymethes* drinke.

Tym. I am not dry.

Zen. I thinke ſo too; dry, and ſo young, 'twere ſtrange,
Come prithee drinke to the Queene, my mother.

Tym. You ſhall rule me —— unto that beauteous Majeſty.

Que. Thanks noble ſir; I muſt be wary, my mind's dangerous.
Ile pledge you anon ſir. *Gives Roxano the Cup.*

Tym. Hart! how contempt ill fortune does purſue?
Not drinke, nor pledge, what was ſhe borne to doe?
Ile ſtay no longer, leaſt I get that flame,
Which nothing but cold death can quench or tame.
Zenarchus, come. *Exit.*

Zen. I goe, muſick of minde to the Queene.

Que. To you no leſſe.

Zen. And all that you can wiſh, or I expreſſe. *Exit.*

Que. Thankes to our ſonne,
Th' other tooke leave in ſilence, but left me
To ſpeake enough both for my ſelfe and thee.
Tymethes? that's his name, poore heart take heede,
Looke well into th' event ere thou proceede:
Love, yet be wiſe; impoſſible, none can;
If ere the wiſeſt man claime one fooliſh houre
Tis when he loves; he's then in follies power.
I needs not feare the ſervants that ore-watch me
Their faiths lye in my Coffers, in effect,
More true to me then to my Lords ſuſpect.
The feares and dangers that moſt threaten me,
Live in the party that I muſt enjoy,
And that's *Tymethes*; men are apt to boaſt;
He may in full cups blaze and vaunt himſelfe

Vnto ſomē mēaner Miſtreſſe; make my ſhame
The politique Engine to beate downe her name.
And from thence force a way to the Kings eares,
Strange fate; where my love keepes, there keepe my fearēs.

Enter Tyrant.

Tyr. Alone? why where's her guard? ſuffer her alone?
Her thoughts may worke, their powers are not her owne.
Women have of themſelves no entire ſway,
Like Dyall needles they wave every way,
And muſt be throughly taught to be kept right,
And point to none but to their Lords delight.

Enter Roxano and guard.

Time to convey and plot? leave her alone!
Why Villaines —— kiſſe me, my perfection,
This night we'le banquet in theſe bliſſefull armēs.

Qu. Your nights are muſick, and your words are charmes.

Tyr. Kiſſe me againe faire *Tethis*.

Walkes off with her, and the guard followes.

Rox. My Lady is ſcarce perfect in her thoughts
How ere ſhe fram'd a ſmile upon the *Tyrant*. (full;
I hāve ſome skill in faces, & yet they never were morē deceit-
A man can ſcarce know a Baud from a Midwife by the face;
An hypocriticall Puritan from a devout Chriſtian
If you goe by the face; well all's not ſtreight in my Lady.
She hath certaine crooked cogitations if a man had the liberty
to ſearch 'em: (nately
If ought point at my advice or performance, ſhee may fortu-
Diſcloſe it: ſhe knowes my mettle, and what it yeelds to an
ounce,
She cannot be deceiv'd in't: here's ſervice, and ſecrēcie, and
no Lady can
Wiſh more, beſide a Monkey, ſhe is aſſur'd of our faculties,
there's none
Of us all that ſtand her ſmocke Centinells, but would ven-
ter a joynt,
To doe her any pleaſurable ſervice; and I think that's as much
As any woman deſires —— maſſe here ſhe comes.

Enter Queene ſad.

Tis ſome ſtrange Phyſicke I know by the working.
Que. It cannot be kept downe with any Argument,
Tis of aſpiring force; ſparkes flye not downeward,
No more this receiv'd fancy of *Tymethes*,
I threaten it with my Lords Iealouſy,
Yet ſtill it riſes againſt all objections;
I ſee my dangers, in what feares I dwell
There's but a Plankē on which I runne to hell,
Yet were't thrice narrower I ſhould venture on,
None dares doe more for ſinne than woman can.
Miſery of love — *Roxano*? I am obſerv'd,
What newes *Roxano*?
Rox. None that's good, Madam.
Que. No? which is the bad?
Rox. The worſt of all is, Madam, you are ſad.
Que. Indeede I am not merry.
Rox. Would I knew the meanes would make you ſo,
I would turne my ſelfe into any ſhape or office
To be the Author of it, ſweete Lady.
Que. Troth I have that hope of thee, I thinke thou would'ſt.
Rox. Thinke it's ſoote, you might ſweare ſafely in that action
And never hurt your oath — I nere fayld yet.
Que. Twere ſinne to injure thee, I know thou didſt not.
Rox. Nay I know I did not.
Que. But my truſty ſervant,
This plot requires art, ſecreſie and wit,
Yet out of all can hardly worke one ſafety.
Rox. Not one, that's ſtrange, I would 'twere put to me,
Ile make it arrive ſafe what ere it be.
Que. Thou couldſt not my *Roxano* — why admit I love,
now I come to thee.
Rox. Admit you love? why all's ſafe enough yet.
Que. I, but a ſtranger.
Rox. Nay, now we are all ſpoyld Lady,
I may looke for my braines in my Bootes — now you have put
Home to me indeed, Madam; A ſtranger? there's a hundred
Deaths in the very name, beſides vantage.
Que. I ſayd I ſhould affright thee.

Rox. Faith no foole can fright me, Madam, commonly cal'd a ſtranger.

Que. Haſt thou the will? or dar'ſt thou doe me good?

Rox. Doe thee good, ſweete Lady? as farre as I am able nere doubt it;
Let me but caſt about for ſafety, and Ile doe any thing, Madam.

Que. I, I, our ſafeties; which are meere impoſſibles,
Love forgets all things but its proper objects.

Rox. What is he? and his name?

Que. *Tymethes*, in a moſt unluckie minute
Led hither by our Sonne in Law *Zenarchus*.

Rox. Hum, is that the moſt fortunate, ſpider catching, ſmocke wrapt Gentleman?

Que. Yet if he know me.

Rox. What then?

Que. I am undone.

Rox. And is it poſſible a man ſhould lye with a woman and yet not know her?
And yet tis poſſible too—thanke my Invention, follow that game ſtill.

Que. He muſt not know me; than I love no further;
Although for not enjoying him I dye;
My Lords pale jealouſie does ſo orelooke me,
That if *Tymethes* know what he enjoyes
It may make way unto my Lords miſtruſt;
Then ſince in my deſire ſuch horrours move
Ile dye no other then the death of love.

(*She ſwounds and Roxano holds her in his armes.*

Rox. Lady, Madam, doe you heare?
Have you leaſure to ſwoune now, when I have taken ſuch paines i'th' buſineſſe?
To take o-der for your ſafety, ſet all things right; why Madam?

Que. What ſayes the man?

Rox. Why he ſayes like a Gentleman every inch of him,
And will performe the office of a gentleman; bring you together;
Put you together, and leave you together: what gentleman can doe more?

Que.

Que. And all this safely?
Rox. And all this safely? I by this hand will I,
Or else would I might never doe any thing to purpose;
If he have but the first part of a young gentleman in him.
Tis granted Madam; I have crotchets in my braine
That you shall see him and enjoy him, and he not know where
he is, nor who it is.
Que. How? shall he not know me?
Rox. Why tis the least part of my meaning he should Lady.
Doe you thinke you could possibly be safe and he know you?
Why some of your yong Gallants are of that vaine-glorious
and prepostrous
Humour, that if they lay with their owne Sisters you should
heare them prate of't,
This is too usuall, there's no wonder in't: what I have sayd
I will sweare to performe, you shall enjoy him ere night
And he not know you next morning.
Que. Thou art not onely necessary but pleasing,
There, catch our bounty, mannage all but right,
As now with gold, with honours weele requite. *Exit.*
Rox. I am your creature Lady; pretty gold,
And by this light me thinkes most easily earn'd,
There's no faculty, say I like a Pander, and that makes so many
Now adayes dye in the Trade: I have your gold Lady,
And eke your service; I am one step higher,
This office makes a gentleman a Squire. *Exit.*

Act. 2. Scene. 1.

Enter Clowne, and two Sheapheards.

Shep. 1. Come fellow *Coridon*, are the pits digg'd?
Clo. I, and as deepe as an Vsurers conscience I warrant thee.
Shep. 2. Mas and that's deepe enough, 'twill devoure a wid-
dow and three Orphans
At a breakefast; soft, is this it?
Shep. 1. I, I, this is it.

Clo. Nay for the deepeneſſe Ile be ſworne; but come my maſters & lay theſe boughes croſſe over: ſo, ſo, artificially, and may all thoſe horſon Muttonmongers the wolves, hole here, which eate our ſheepe.

Shep. 2. I wonder what wolves thoſe are which eate our ſheepe,
Whether they be he wolves or ſhe wolves?

Clo. They ſhould be he wolves by their loving Mutton,
But by their greedineſſe they ſhould be ſhe wolves.
For the belly of a ſhe wolf is never ſatisfied till it be dam'd up.

Shep. 1. Why are the ſhe wolves worſe than the hee's?

Clo. Why, is not the dam worſe than the Devill pray?

Shep. 1. You have anſwered me there indeed.

Clo. Why man, if all the Earth were Parchment, the Sea Ink Every ſticke a pen, and every knave a Scrivener, they were not all able to write downe the knaveries of ſhe wolves.

Shep. 2. A murren on them, hee's or ſhees, they ſucke the blood of none but our Lambes.

Clo. Oh alwayes the weakeſt goes to the wall, as for example, knocke downe a ſheepe and he tumbles forwards, knocke downe a woman and ſhe tumbles backewards.

Shep 1. Sirra, I wonder how many ſorts of wolves there be.

Clo. Marry juſt as many ſorts as there be knaves in the Cards

Shep. 2. Why that's foure.

Clo. Firſt there are your Court wolves, and thoſe be Foule eaters and cleane drinkers.

Shep. 2. And why cleane drinkers?

Clo. Why becauſe when they be drunke they commonly caſt up all, and ſo make clenſing weeke o't.

Shep. 2. So ſir, thoſe are cleane drinkers indeed.

Clo. The next are your Country wolves, nothing choakes them but plenty, they ſing like Syrens when corne goes out by ſhip-fulls, and dance after no tune but after an angell a Buſhell.

She. 1. The halter take ſuch cornecutters.

She. 2. Are there no Citty Wolves?

Clo. A rope on them, yes, huge routes, you ſhall have long lane full of them; theyle feed upon any whore, carrion, theefe, or any thing.

She. 1.

Shep. 1. Have they ſuch mawes?

Clo. Mawes? why man, fidlers have no better ſtomackes, I have knowne ſome of them eate up a Lord at three bits.

Shep. 2. Three bonds you meane.

Clo. A Knight is no body with them,
A young gentleman is ſwallowed whole like a Gudgēon.

Shep. 1. I wonder that Gudgeon does not choake him.

Clo. A Gudgeon choake him, if the throate of his conſcience be ſound, he'le gulpe downe any thing; five of your ſilken Gallants are ſwallowed eaſier than a Damaske Prune: for our Citty wolves doe ſo roule my young prodigall firſt in waxe, which is ſoft, till he looke like a guilded Pill, and then ſo finely wrap him up in Sattin which is ſleeke, that he goes downe without chewing, and thereupon they are called ſlippery Gallants.

Shep. 1. Ile be no Gentleman for that tricke.

Clo. The laſt is your Sea wolfe, a horrible ravener to, hee has a belly as big as a ſhip, and devours as much ſilke at a gulp as would ſerve forty dozen Taylors againſt a Chriſtmas day or a running at Tilt.

Shep. 1. Well, well, now our trap is ſet what ſhall we doe with the wolves we catch?

Clo. Why thoſe that are great ones and more than our matches we'le let goe, and the leſſer wolves we will hang: ſhall it be ſoo?

Both. I, I, each man to his ſtand. *Exeunt.*

Scene. 2.

Enter Lapirus, ſolus.

Lap. Foule monſter monger, who muſt live by that
Which is thy owne deſtruction? Why ſhould men
Be natures bondſlaves? Every creature elſe
Comes freely to the Table of the Earth;
That which for man alone doth all things bare
Scarce gives him his true dyet any where.
What ſpightfull winds breath here? that not a Tree
Spreads forth a friendly arme? diſtreſſed Queene,

And

And moſt accurſed Babes; the earth that beares you
Like a proud mother, ſcornes to give you food: ha?
Thankes fate, I now defie thee ſtarveling hunger,
Bleſt tree, foure lives grow in thy fruite, run taſt it then,
Wiſe men ſerve firſt themſelves then other men.
He falls in the Pit.
Oh me accurſed and moſt miſerable,
Helpe, helpe, ſome Angell lay a liſtning eare
To draw my cry up; none to lend helpe? oh
Then pine and dye. *Enter Clowne.*

Clo. A wolfe caught, a wolfe caught.

Lap Oh helpe, I am no wolfe good friend.

Clo. No! What art thou then?

Lap. A miſerable wretch.

Clo. An Vſurer? *Lap.* No, no.

Clo. A Broaker then?

Lap. Mocke not a man in woe, in a greene wound,
Poure Balſome and not Phyſicke.

Clo. Snayles, he talkes like a Surgeon,
If you be one why doe you not helpe your ſelfe ſir?

Lap. I am no Surgeon friend, my name's *Lapirus.*

Clo. How? a wolfe caught hoa — *Lap* what *Lap.* hoa!

Lap. *Lapirus* is my name doſt thou not know me?

Clo. Yes, for a wolviſh raſcall that would have worried his owne Country.

Lap. Torture me not, I prithee, I am that wretch; a villaine I was once; but I am now —

Clo. The Devill in the Vault; you ſirra, that betrayd your Countrey, and the old King your Vncle, there lye till one Wolfe devoure another, thou trecherous raſcall. *Exit.*

Lap. Oh me moſt miſerable and wretched creature!
I now doe finde there's a revenging fate
That doomes bad men to be unfortunate.

Scene. 3.

Enter Zenarchus, Tymethes, Amphidote, and Mazeres.

Tym. We are obſerv'd.

Zen.

Zen. By whom?
Tym. Mazeres followes us.
Amp. Oh he's my protested servant, your sole Rivall.
Tym. The devill he is.
Amp. You'le make a hot Suitour of him anon?
Tym. He may be hot in th' end, his good parts sue for't.
Zen. He eyes us still.
Tym. He does, you shall depart Lady;
Ile take my leave on purpose in his presence,
He's jealous, and a kisse runnes through his heart,
Ile make a thrust at him on your lip.
Maz. Death! minute favours? every step a kisse?
I thinke they count how the day goes by kissing,
Tis past foure since I met them.
Tym. I have hit him in the Gall in stead of th' blood,
He sheds distractions, which are worse than wounds.
Zen. But sirra?
Maz. Stayes he to proove my Rivall? curs'd be th' houre
Wherein I advis'd the King for his stay here,
I have set slaves t' entrap him, yet none prosper,
Ile lay no more my faith upon their workes
Th' are weake and loose, and like a rotten wall,
Leaning on them may hazard my owne fall.
Ile use a swifter course, cut off long journeys,
And tedious wayes that runne my hopes past breath;
Ile take the plaine roade way and hunt his death. *Exit.*
Tym. So so, he departs with a knit brow, no matter;
When his frowne begets earthquakes, happly then
'Twill shake me too: I shall stand firme till then.

Enter Roxano disguised.

Rox. Masse here a walkes; I am far enough from my selfe,
I challenge all disguises except drinking
To hide me better; I give way to that,
For that indeed will thrust a white gentleman
Into a suite of mud, but whilst I begin to be noted.
Zen. I, he chang'd upon't.
Tym. I mark'd him.
Rox. Good your honours, your most comfortable charita-
ble releefe

And

And devotion to a poore ſtarre croſt Gentleman.

Tym. Pox on thee.

Rox. Ime bare enough already if it like your honour.

Tym. He did!

Rox. Pox on thee? your yong gallants love to give no Almes?
But that that will ſticke by a man, that's one vertue in them:
He's not content to have my hat off, but he would have my
hayre off too.
Thanke your good Lordſhip.

Tym. No! was that his action!

Amp. It cal'd him Lord.

Zen. Nay he's a Villaine.

Rox. Good your honours! I have beene a man in my time.

Tym. Why what art thou now?

Rox. Kept goodly beaſts, had 3. wives, (nours.
1. men upriſing 3. maides downe lying, oh good your kind ho-

Tym. Sfoote, I am a begger my ſelfe.

Rox. Perhaps your Lordſhip gets by it;
Good your ſweete honour!

Tym. This fellow would be whipt.

Rox. Your Lordſhip has forgot ſince you were a Begger.

Tym. Ile give thee ſomewhat for that jeſt in troath.

Rox. But now you are in private, ſhut your purſe, and open
Tym. How? (your eare ſir.

Zen. He's dealing his devotion, hinder him not.

Rox. I am not literally a Begger, as puritanicall as I appeare
The naked Truth is you are happily deſired.

Tym. Ha!

Rox. Of the moſt
Sweete, delicate, divine, pleaſing, raviſhing creature

Tym. Peace, peace, prithee peace.

Rox. That ever made mans wiſhes perfect.

Tym. Nay, ſay not ſo; I ſaw one creature lately (teous.
Exceeds al humane forme for true perfectiō; this may be beau-

Rox. This for white and red ſir, her honour and my oath
ſue for that pardon,
You muſt not know her name nor ſee her face.

Tym. How?

Rox.

Rox. She rather chuſeth death in her neglect
Than ſo to hazard life or loſe reſpect.
Tym. How ſhall I come at her?
Rox. Let your will
Subſcribe to the ſure meanes already wrought,
She ſhall be ſafely pleas'd, you ſafe'y brought.
Tym. Ha! and is this ſheere faith, without any tricke in't?
Rox. Let me periſh in this office elſe; and I neede wiſh
No more damnation than to dye a Pander.
Tym. Thou ſpeakeſt well, when meete wee?
Rox. Five is the fixed houre, upon to morrowes Evening.
Tym. So, the place?
Rox. Neere to the further lodge.
Tym. Goe to then, it holds honeſt all the way?
Rox. Elſe does there live no honeſtie but in Lawyers.
Tym. Enough, five? and the furtheſt lodge? Ile meete thee.
Rox. Enjoy the ſweeteſt Treaſure in a woman. *Exit.*
Tym. Alwayes excepting and the Tyrants Gem.
Zen. What, have you done with the Begger?
Tym. None that lives can ſay he has done with the Begger.
Zen. Hold conference ſo long with ſuch a fellow?
Tym. How? are your wits perfect? if one ſhould refuſe to talke with every begger, he might refuſe brave Company ſometimes, gallants yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Scene. 4.

Enter the old King, Fidelio, and Amorpho.

King. The loſſe of my deare Queene afflicts me more
Then all *Lapirus* curſed trecheries: Inhumane monſter! (ces
Lap. [*in the pit.*] If you have humane formes to ſit thoſe voy-
And hearts that may be pierc'd with miſeries groanes
Sent from a fainting Spirit; pitty a wretch,
A miſerable man, Priſoner to darkeneſſe,
Your charitable ſtrengths this way repaire,
And lift my fleſh to the reviving Ayre.

King. Alas, ſome travelling man, by night out ſtript,
Miſſing his way into this danger ſlipt;
Set all our hands to helpe him; Come, good man,
They that ſit high may make their ends below.
Lap. Millions of thankes and prayſes.
King. Y'are heavie ſir, who ere you be.
Lap. There's weight within keepes downe my ſoule and mē
King. One full ſtrength more makes our paines happie, poore
ſtrength helpes the poore.
So ſir, ỳ'are welcome to — *Lapirus*? oh. (*Lapi. fals downe.*
We doe forgive thy Trechery, revive,
Tis pitty and not hate makes goodneſſe thrive.
Lap. Oh that aſtoniſhment had left me dead!
Shame, ſitting on my brow, weighes downe my head:
Even thus the guilt of my abhorred ſinne,
Flaſht in my face when I beheld the Queenē.
King. Our Queene! oh where, *Lapirus*? tell the reſt.
Lap. Within this forreſt with her Babes diſtreſt.
King. Which way? lead deare *Lapirus*.
Lap. Follow me then.
King. Not onely ſhall we quit thy ſoules offencē
But give thy happy labour recompence. *Exeunt.*

Dumbe ſhew.

Enter the old Queene weeping, with both her Infants, the one dead; ſhe layes downe the other on a banke, and goes to bury the dead, expreſſing much griefe. Enter *the former ſhepheards, walking by careleſly, at laſt they eſpie the child and ſtrive for it, at laſt the Clowne gets it, and dandles it, expreſſing all ſignes of joy to them.* Enter *againe the Queene, ſhe lookes for her Babe and finding it gone, wrings her hands; the Shepheards ſee her, then wiſper together, then becken to her; ſhe joyfully runs to them, they returne her child, ſhe points to her breaſts, as meaning ſhe ſhould nurſe it, they all give her money, the Clowne kiſſes the Babe and her, and ſo Exeunt ſeverall wayes. Then enter* Lapirus, *the Old King,* Amorpho, *and* Fidelio, *they miſſe the Queene and ſo expreſſing great ſorrow. Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Chorus.

The miſerable Queene expecting ſtill
The Infants ſuccour from *Lapirus* hand
Who wants himſelfe; it chanc'd through extreame want
The youngeſt dyed, and this ſo neere his end
That had not Shepheards happily paſſed by
And on the Babe caſt a compaſſionate eye,
And ſnatch't the child out of the armes of death
Where the ſad mother left it, the ſame houre
Had beene his grave that gives his life new power.
Thus the diſtreſſed Queene to them unknowne
Was as a Nurſe receiv'd unto her owne.
Whoſe ſight *Lapirus* miſſing, having led
The King her husband to this hapleſſe place,
They all depart in extreame height of griefe
To get unto their owne ſad wants releefe. *Exit.*

Act. 3. Scene. 1.

Enter Roxane with his diſguiſe in his hand.

Rox. This is the farther Lodge, the place of meeting;
The houre ſcarce come yet — well — I was not borne to this,
There's not a hayre to chuſe betwixt me and a Pander in this caſe, ſhift it off as well as I can: I doe envie this fellowes happineſſe now; and could cut his throate at pleaſure: I could ene gnaw feathers now to thinke of his downie felicity. I that could never aſpire above a dayrie wench, the very creame of my fortunes; that he ſhould bathe in Nectar, and I moſt unfortunate in Buttermilke, this is good dealing now, is't?

Enter Mazeres muſing.

Maz. Ile have ſome other, for he muſt not live.
Rox. Who's this? my Lord *Mazeres* diſcontent!
H' has beene to ſeeke me twice, and privately,
I wonder at the buſineſſe; I'me no Stateſman;
If I be, tis more than I know; I proteſt therefore
I dare not call it in queſtion; what ſhould he make with me?

Ile diſcover my ſelfe to him——if th' other come in the meane time ſo I may be caught bravely, yet tis ſcarce the houre, Ile put it to the tryall.

Maz. *Roxano* in my judgement had beene fitteſt,
And fartheſt from ſuſpect of ſuch a deed
Becauſe he keepes in the Caſtle.

Rox. My lov'd Lord.

Maz. *Roxano!*

Rox. The ſame my Lord.

Maz. I was to ſeeke thee twice;
Tell me *Roxano*, have I any power in thee? doe I move there,
Or any part of me flow in thy blood?

Rox. As far as life my Lord.

Maz. As far as love man, I aske no further.

Rox. Touch me then my Lord, and try my mettle.

Maz. Firſt there's gold for thee,
After which follow favour, eminence,
And all thoſe gifts which fortune calls her owne.

Rox. Well my Lord.

Maz. There's one *Tymethes* ſonne to the baniſht King,
Lives about Court, *Zenarchus* gives him grace,
That fellowes my diſeaſe, I thrive not with him,
He's like a priſon chaine ſhooke in my eares
I take no ſleepe for him, his favours mad me.
My honours and my dignities are dreames
When I behold him; That right arme can eaſe me,
I will not boaſt my bounties, but for ever
Live rich and happy: thou art wiſe farewell. *Exit.*

Rox. Hum, what newes is here now? thou art wiſe farewell.
By my troth I thinke it is a part of wiſedome to take gold
When it is offer'd, many wiſe men will do't: that I learnt
Of my learned Counſell: this is worth thinking on now.
To kill *Tymethes*, ſo ſtrangely belov'd by a Lady, and ſo monſtrouſly deteſted by a Lord? here's gold to bring *Tymethes*, and here's gold to kill *Tymethes*. I, let me ſee, which weighes heavieſt; by my faith I thinke the killing gold will carry't: I ſhall like many a bad Lawyer, runne my Conſcience upon the greateſt fee; who gives moſt is like to fare beſt. I like my

ſafety

ſafety ſo much the worſe in this buſineſſe in that Lord *Mazeres* is his profeſſ'd enemie: he's the Kings boſome, hee blowes his thoughts into him; and I had rather be torne with whirlewindes than fall into any of their furies. Troth as far as I can ſee, the wiſeſt courſe is to play the knave, lay open this Venery, betray him; but ſee my Lord againe.

Enter Mazeres.

Maz. Haſt thou thought of me? may I doe good upon thee?
Ile out of recreation, make thee worthy; play honours to thy hand.

Rox. My Lord?

Maz. Art thou reſolv'd? and I will be thy Lord.

Rox. It will appeare I am ſo; be proud of your revenge before I name it;
Never was man ſo fortunate in his hate,
Ile give you a whole Age but to thinke how.

Maz. Thou mak'ſt me thirſt.

Rox. *Tymethes* meetes me here.

Maz. Here? excellent, on *Roxano*; he meetes thee here.

Rox. I meant at firſt to betray all to you ſir: underſtand that my Lord.

Maz. Yfaith I doe.

Rox. Then thus my Lord —— he comes.

Enter Tymethes.

Maz. Withdraw behind the Lodge, relate it breefely.

Tym. A delicate ſweete Creature? ſlight, who ſhould it be?
I muſt not know her name, nor ſee her face?
It may be ſome tricke to have my bones baſtinadode
Well, and ſo ſent backe againe; what ſay you to a blanquetting
Faith, ſo twere done by a Lady and her Chambermaides
I care not, for if they toſſe me in the Blankets
Ile toſſe them in the Sheetes, and that's one for th' other.
A man may be led into a thouſand villanies; but the fellow ſwore enough,
And here's blood apt enough to beleeve him.

Maz. I both admire the deede, and my revenge.

Rox. My Lord Ile make your way

Maz. Thou mak'ſt thy friend. *Exit.*

Tym. Art come? we meete ere I hope upon a minute.

Rox.

Rox. I but you'le play the better jumper of the two.
I ſhall not jumpe ſo neere as you by a handfull.
Tym. How! at a running leape?
Rox. That is more hard;
At a running leape you may giue me a handfull.
Tym. So, ſo, what's to be done.
Rox. Nothing but put this hood over your head.
Tym. How? I never went blindfold before.
Rox. You never went otherwiſe ſir; for all folly is blind;
Beſides ſir, when we ſee the ſinne we act,
We thinke each triviall crime a bloody fact.
Tym. Well follow'd of a Servingman.
Rox. Servingmen alwayes follow their maſters ſir.
Tym. No not in their Miſtreſſes.
Rox. There I leave you ſir.
Tym. I deſire to be left when I come there ſir.
But faith ſincerely is there no tricke in this?
Prithee deale honeſtly with me.
Rox. Honeſtly, if proteſtation be not honeſt,
I know not what to call it.
Tym. Why, if ſhe affect me ſo truely, ſhee might truſt me with her knowledge,
I could be ſecret to her chiefe actions, why I loue women too well.
Rox. Sheele truſt you the worſe for that ſir.
Tym. Why becauſe I love women?
Rox. O ſir, tis moſt common,
He that loves women, is neere true to woman.
Experience dayly proves he loveth none
With a true heart, that affects more than one.
Tym. Your wit runnes nimbly ſir, pray uſe your pleaſure.
Rox. Why then goodnight ſir. *He puts on the hood.*
Tym. Maſſe the candles out.
Rox. Oh ſir the better ſports taſte beſt in th' night,
And what we doe in the darke we hate i'th' light.
Tym. A good doer mayſt thou prove, for thy experience;
Come give me thy hand thou mayſt prove an honeſt Lad,
But however Ile truſt thy

Rox.

Roy. Oh ſir, firſt try me,
But we protract good houres, come follow me ſir,
Why this is right your ſportive Gallants prize,
Before they'le looſe their ſport theyle looſe their ēyes. *Exeu.*

Scen. 2.

Enter the Queene and foure ſervants, ſhe with a booke in her hand.

Que. Oh my feare-fighting blood I arē you all here.
Ser. 1. All at your pleaſure Madam.
Que. That's my wiſh, and my opinion
Hath ever beene perſwaded of your truthes,
And I have found you willing t'all imployments
We put into your charge.
Ser. 2. In our faith's madam.
Ser. 3. For we are bound in duty to your Bounty.
Que. Will you to what I ſhall preſcribe ſweare ſecreſie?
Ser. 4. Try us, ſweete Lady, and you ſhall prove our faith's.
Que. To all things that you heare or ſee
I ſweare you all to ſecrecie;
I poure my life into your breſts,
There my doome or ſafety reſts.
If you prove untrue to all
Now I rather chuſe to fall
With loſſe of my deſire, than light
Into the Tyrants wrathfull ſpight:
But in vaine I doubt your truſt,
I never found your hearts but juſt.
On this booke your vowes arrive,
And as in truth in favour thrive.
Omn. We wiſh no higher, ſo we ſweare.
Que. Like Jewels all your vowes Ile weare.
Here, take this Paper, therē thoſe ſecrē[illegible] well,
Goe reade your charge, which I ſho[illegible] bluſh to tell.
All's ſure, I nothing doubt of ſafety now,

To

To which each ſervant hath combin'd his vow.
Roxano, that begins it ruſtily,
I cannot chuſe but praiſe him, he's ſo needfull,
There's nothing can be done about a Lady
But he is for it; honeſt *Roxano*;
Even from our head to feete he's ſo officious,
The time drawes on, I feele the minutes here,
No clocke ſo true as love that ſtrikes in feare. *Exeunt.*

Scene. 3.

Soft muſicke, a Table with lights ſet out. Arras ſpread. Enter Roxano *leading* Tymethes. *Mazeres meetes them.*

Tym. How farre lacke I yet of my blind pilgrimage?
Maz. Whiſt, *Roxano*!
Rox. You are at your—— In my Lord, away, Ile helpe
You to a diſguiſe.
Maz. Enough. *Exit.*
Tym. Me thinkes I walke in a Vault all under ground.
Rox. And now your long loſt eyes againe are found: good morrow ſir. *Puls off the hood.*
Tym. By the maſſe the day breakes.
Rox. Reſt here my Lord and you ſhall finde content,
Catch your deſires, ſtay here, they ſhall be ſent.
Tym. Though it be night, tis morning to that night which brought me hither,
Ha! the ground ſpread with Arras? what place is this?
Rich hangings? faire roome gloriouſly furniſh'd?
Lights and their luſter? riches and their ſplendor?
Tis no meane creatures, theſe dumbe tokens witneſſe;
Troth I begin t' affect my Hoſteſſe better;
I love her in her abſence, though unknowne,
For courtly forme that's here obſerv'd and ſhowne.
Loud muſicke. Enter 2. *with a Banquet; other* 2. *with lights; they ſet 'em downe and depart, making obeyſance.* Roxano *takes one of them aſide.*

Rox. *Valeſtat* yes, the lame; tis my Ladies pleaſure,
You give to me your coate, and vizarded attend without
Till ſhe employ you — ſo now, this disguiſe
Serves for my Lord *Mazeres*, for he watches
But fit occaſions: Letcher, now beware,
Securely ſit and fearleſſe quaffe and eate,
You'le finde ſowre ſauce ſtill after your ſweete meate. *Exit.*

Tym. The ſervants all in vizards? by this light
I doe admire the carriage of her love;
For I account that woman above wife
Can ſinne and hide the ſhame from a mans eyes.
They never doe their eaſie ſexe more wong,
Than when they venture ſame upon mans tongue.
Yet I could ſweare concealement in loves plot,
But happie woman that beleeves me not.
Whatere is ſpoke or to be ſpoke ſeemes fit,
All ſtill concludes her happineſſe and wit.

Loud Muſicke, Enter Roxano, Mazeres *and the 4. Servants, with diſhes of ſweete meates,* Roxano *places them: each having delivered his diſh makes low obeyſance to* Tymethes.

Rox. This banquet from her owne hand received grace
Her ſelfe prepar'd it for you; as appeares
By the choyce ſweetes it yeelds, able to move
A man paſt ſence, to the delights of love,
I bid you welcome as her moſt priz'd gueſt,
Firſt to this banquet, next to pleaſures feaſt.

Tym. Who ere ſhe be we thanke her, and commend
Her care and love to entertaine a friend.

Rox. That ſpeakes her ſexes rareneſſe, for to woman,
The darkeſt path love treads is cleare and common;
She wiſhes your content may be as great
As if her preſence fill'd that other ſeate.

Tym, Convey my thankes to her, and fill ſome wine.

Maz. My Lord?

Rox. My Lord *Mazeres* caught the Office
I can't but laugh to ſee how well he playes (the Prince
The Devill in a vizard; damnes where he crouches; little thinks

Vnder that face lurkes his lives enemie,
Yet he but keepes the faſhion; great men kill
As flatterers ſtab, who laugh when they meane ill.
Maz. Now could I poyſon him fitly, aptly, rarely,
My vengeance ſpeakes me happy; there it goes.
Tym. Some wine? *Maz.* It comes my Lord.

Enter a Lady with wine.

La. My Lady begun to you ſir, and doth commend,
This to your heart, and with it her affection.
Tym. Ile pledge her thankefully; there remove that.

Spils the wine.

Maz. And in this my revenge muſt be remov'd
Where firſt I left it, now my abuſed wrath
Purſues thy ruine in this dangerous path.
Rox. That cup hath quite daſht my Lord *Mazeres*.
Tym. Returne my faith, my reverence, my reſpect,
And tell her this, which courteouſly I finde,
She hides her face, but lets me ſee her minde.
Rox. I would not taſte of ſuch a Banquet to feele that which followes in,
For the love of an Empreſſe. Tis more dangerous to be a lecher
Than to enter upon a breach; yet how ſecurely he munches
His thoughts are ſweeter than the very meates before him:
He little dreames of his deſtruction;
His horrible feareſull ruine which cannot be withſtood,
The end of Venery is diſeaſe or blood.

Soft Muſicke. Enter the Queene masked in her night-gowne, her mayd with a ſhirt and a Night cap.

Tym. I have not knowne one happier for his pleaſure
Than in that ſtate we are; tis a ſtrange tricke,
And ſweetely carried; by this light a delicate creature,
And ſhould have a good face if all hit right;
For they that have good bodies and bad faces
Were all miſmatcht, and made up in blinde places.
Rox. The wind and tide ſerve ſir, you have lighted upon

A Sea of pleaſure; here's your ſayle ſir, and your top ſtreamer,
A faire wrought ſhirt and a night-cap.

Tym. I ſhall make a ſweete voyage of this.

Rox. I, if you knew all ſir.

Tym. Is not all knowne yet? what's to be told?

Rox. Five hundred Crownes in the ſhirt ſleeve in gold.

Tym. How?

Rox. Tis my good Ladies pleaſure,
No Clouds eclipſe her bounty, ſhe ſhines cleare;
Some like that pleaſure beſt that coſts moſt deare;
Yet I thinke your Lordſhip is not of that minde now;
You like that beſt that brings a Banquet with it, and 500. Crownes.

Tym. I by this light doe I; and I thinke thou art of my minde.

Rox. We jumpe ſomewhat neere ſir.

Tym. But what does ſhe meane to reward me afore hand?
I may prove an Eunuch now for ought ſhe knowes.

Rox. Oh ſir, I nere knew any of your hayre but he was abſolute at the game.

Tym. Faith we are much of a colour; but here's a Note, what ſayes it?

He reads. Our love and bounty ſhall increaſe
So long as you regard our peace.
Vnleſſe your life you would forgoe,
Who we are ſee, eke not to know.
Enjoy me freely: for your ſake
This dangerous ſhift I undertake.
Be therefore wiſe, keepe ſafe your breath,
You cannot ſee me under death.

I'de be loath to venture ſo farre for the ſight of any Creature vnder heaven. (cheap.

Rox. Nay ſir I thinke you may ſee a thouſand faces better

Tym. Well, I will ſhift me inſtantly, and be content
With my groaping fortune. *Exit.*

Rox. Oh ſir, you'le groape to purpoſe. *Exit.*

Maz. Ile after thee, and ſee the meaſure of my vengeance
His ruine is my charge; I have ſeene that (upheapt
This night would make one bluſh through this vizard.

Like lightning in a Tempeſt her luſt ſhewes,
Or drinking drunke in Thunder, horrible:
For on this Act a Thouſand dangers waite,
The King will ſeize him in his burning fury
and ſeale his vengeance on his reeking breſt,
Though I make Panders uſe of eare and eye
No office vile to damme mine Enemie.
This courſe is but the firſt, twill not reſt there,
The next ſhall change him into fire and Ayre. *Exit.*

Act. 4. Scene. 1.

Enter Tymethes and Zanarchus.

Tym. Nay, did ere ſubtelety match it?
Zen. Slight, led to a Lady hudwinck'd?
Placed in ſtate, and banqueted in Vizards.
Tym. All by this light: but all this nothing was
To the delicious pleaſures of her Bed.
Zen. Who ſhould this be?
Tym. Nay enquire not brother,
I'de give one eye to ſee her with the other.
Seeſt thou this Jewell? in the midſt of night
I ſlipt it from her vayle, unſelfe of her.
'T may be ſo kind unto me as to bring
Her beauty to my knowledge.
Zen. Can'ſt not gueſſe at her, nor at the Place?
Tym. At neither for my heart, why lie tell thee man
'Twas handled with ſuch Art, ſuch admir'd cunning,
What with my blindneſſe and their generall darkeneſſe,
That when mine eyes receiv'd their liberty, I was never the nearer.
To them in full forme I appear'd unſhrowded
But all their lights to me were maſk'd and clouded.
Enter Tymet. and Memn. obſerving.
Zen. Fore heaven, I doo admire the cunning of it.
Tym. Nay you cannot outvye my admiration,

I had a feeling of't beyond your passion.

Zen. Well, blow this over, see, our sister comes.

Enter Amphidote.

Tyr. Art sure *Mazeres* that he courts our Daughter?

Maz. I'me sure of more my Lord, she favours him.

Tyr. That Begger? (my Lord.

Maz. Worse my Lord, that villaine Traytor, and yet worse

Tyr. How?

Maz. Pardon my Lord, a riper time shall bring him forth.
Behold him there my Lord. *They whisper her.*

Tyr. Dares she so farre forget respect to us,
And dim her owne lustre, to give him grace?

Maz. Favours are growne to custome twixt them both,
Letters, close banquets, whisperings, private meetings.

Tyr. Ile make them dangerous meetings.

Amp. In faith my Lord Ile have this Iewell.

Tym. Tis not my gift Lady.

Tyr. What's that *Mazeres*?

Maz. Marry, my Lord, she courtly begs a Iewell of him
Which he keepes backe as Courtly, with faire words.

Amp. I have sworne my Lord.

Tym. Why upon that condition
Youle keepe it safe and close from all strange eyes
Not wronging me, tis yours.

Amp. I sweare.

Tym. It shall suffice.

They kisse, and Exit Zenocrate and Amphidote.

Maz. Tis hers my Lord, at which they part in kisses.

Tyr. Ile make those meetings bitter, both shall rue,
We have found *Mazeres* to this minute true.

Exit. come Mazeres.

Tym. No tricke to see this Lady? heart of ill fortune!
The Iewell that was beg'd from me too was
The hope I had to gaine her wisht for knowledge.
Well; here's a heart within will not be quiet;
The eye is the sweete feeder of the soule,
When thē taste wants, that keepes the memory whole;
Tis bad to be in darkenesse all know well,

Then not to ſee her what doth it want of Hell?
What ſayes the Note?

Vnleſſe your life you would forgoe,
Whom we are, ſeeke not to know.

Piſh; all Idle,
As if ſhe'de ſuffer death to threaten me
Whom ſhe ſo bountcouſly and firmely loves?
No tricke? excellent, twill fit; make uſe of that.

Enter Mazeres and Roxana.

Maz. Enough, th'art honeſt; I affect thee much,
Goe, traine him to his ruine. *Exit.*

Rox. Let me alone my Lord; doubt not Ile traine him.
Perhaps ſir I have the Art.

Tym. Oh, I know thy minde.

Rox. The further lodge?

Tym. Enough, Ile meete thee prelently.

Rox. Why ſo, I like one that will make an end of himſelfe
at few words;
A man that hath a quicke perſeverance in ill;
A leaping ſpirit; hee'le run through horrors jawes
To catch a ſin; but to oretake a vertue
He ſoftly paces, like a man that's ſent
Some tedious darke, unprofitable journey.
Corrupt is nature, ſhe loves nothing more
Than what ſhe moſt ſhould hate, there's nothing ſprings
Apace in man but gray haired, cares, and ſinnes. *Exit*

Tym. Ile ſee her come what can, but what can prove?
She cannot ſeeke my death, that ſeekes my love. *Exit.*

Scene. 2.

Enter Amphridote and Mazeres.

Amp. My Lord, what is the matter?
Maz. I know not what;
The King ſent.
Amp. Well, we obey.
Maz. Here comes his Highneſſe. *Enter Tyrant.*
Tyr. How now what's ſhe?
Amp. I my Lord?
Your Highneſſe knew me once, your moſt obedient Daughter.
Tyr. They lye that tell me ſo, this is not ſhe.
Amp. No, my Lord?
Tyr. No, for as thou art I know thee not,
And I ſhall ſtrive ſtill to forget thee more;
Thou neither bearſt in memory my reſpects
Nor thy owne worthes; how can we thinke of thee
But as of a dejected worthleſſe creature?
So farre beneath our grace and thy owne luſter, that we diſ-
daine to know thee.
Was there no choyſe mong our ſelected Nobles
To make thy favorite beſides *Tymethes*?
Sonne to our enemie, a wretch, a Begger?
Dead to all fortunes, honours, or their hopes,
Beſides his breath, worth nothing; abject wretch,
To place thy affection ſo vigorouſly
On him can nere requite it; deny't not,
We know the favours thou haſt given him,
Pledges of love, cloſe letters, private meetings,
And whiſperings are cuſtomary twixt you.
Come, which be his gifts? whereabout lye his pledges?
Amp. Your Grace hath beene injuriouſly inform'd,
I nere receiv'd pledge.
Tyr. Impudent creature, (beſt honours
When in our ſight and hearing ſhamefully undervaluing thy
And

And ſetting by all modeſty of blood thou beg'dſt a Iewell of him.

Amp. Oh pardon me my Lord, I had forgot, here 'tis,
That is the ſame, and all that ere was his.

Tyr. Ha! this! how came this hither?

Amp. I gave it you my Lord.

Tyr. Who gave it thee?

Amp. Tymethes.

Tyr. He! who gave it him?

Amp. I know not that my Lord.

Tyr. Then here it ſticks, *Mazeres!*

Maz. My Lord!

Tyr. Tis my Queenes, my Queenes, *Mazeres*,
How to him came this?

Maz. I can reſolve your highneſſe.

Tyr. Can *Mazeres?*

Maz. He is ſame Ape, the bunke falls from him now,
And you ſhall know his inſide: he's a villaine,
A Traytor to the pleaſures of your Bed.

Tyr. Oh, I ſhall burſt with torment.

Maz. He's receiv'd this night
Into her boſome.

Tyr. I feele a whirle wind in me
Ready to teare the frame of my vn ruly;

Maz. I trac'd him to the deed.

Tyr. And ſaw it done?

Maz. I abus'd my eyes in the true ſurvey of it,
Tainted my hearing with laſcivious ſounds,
My loyalty did prompt me to be ſure
Of what I found ſo wicked and impure.

Tyr. Tis ſpring-tyde in my Gall, all my blood's bitter,
Puh, lungs too, [illegible]

Maz. This night?

Tyr. [illegible]

Lod. My Lord.

Tyr. How can'ſt thou up? let's heare.

Lod. My Lord, my firſt beginning was a Banker.

Tyr.

Tyr. A knavē from the beginning; there's no hopē of him,
Sertorio? *Enter Sertorio.*
Ser. Here my Lord.
Tyr. We know thee juſt, how cam'ſt thou up? let's heare.
Ser. From no deſert that I can challenge but your highneſſe favour.
Tyr. Thou art honeſt in that anſwere; goe, report we are 40. leagues off
Rid forth: ſpread it about the Caſtle cunningly.
Ser. Ile doe it faithfully my Lord.
Tyr. Doe't cunningly,
Goe, if thou ſhould'ſt doe't faithfully thou lyeſt;
I'me loſt by violence through all my ſences,
I'me blinde with rage, *Mazeres*, guide me forth
I tread in Ayre, and ſee no foote nor path,
I have loſt myſelfe, yet cannot loſe my wrath.
Exeunt all but Amphridote.
Amp. What have I heard? it dares not be but true;
Tymethes taken in adulterate traines,
And with the Queene my mother? now I hate him,
As beauty abhorres yeares, or Vſurers charity;
He does appeare unto my eye a Leaper
Enter Mazeres.
Full of ſinnēs blacke infection, foule Adultery:
Curſed be the houre in which I firſt did grace him,
And let *Mazeres* ſterve in my diſdaine
That hath ſo long obſerv'd me with true love,
Whoſe loyalty in this approves the ſame.
Maz. Madam.
Amp. My love? my Lord I ſhould ſay, but would ſay my love.
Maz. I doe beſeech your Grace for what I have done
Lay no oppreſſing cenſure upon me;
I could not but in honeſty reveale it,
Not envying in that he was my Rivall,
Nor in the force of any ancient grudge
But as the deede in its owne nature crav'd,
So mong the reſt it was reveal'd to me:

Appearing ſo deteſted that your ſelfe
Gracious and kinde, had you but ſeene the manner
Would have throwne by all pitty and remorce
And tooke my office or one more in force.
Amp. Riſe deare *Mazeres*, in our favours riſe,
So farre am I from cenſure to reprove thee
That in my hate to him I chuſe and love thee.
Maz. If conſtant ſervice may be call'd deſert, I ſhall deſerve.
Amp. Man hath no better part.
Maz. Why this was happily obſerv'd and follow'd; (*a ſide.*
The King will to the Caſtle late to night,
And tread through all the Vaults, I muſt attend.
Amp. I wiſh that at firſt ſight th' hadſt forc'd his end. *Exit.*
Maz. Tis better thus; ſo my revenge imports;
Now thrive my plots, the end ſhall make me great,
She mine, the Crowne ſits here I am then Compleatē. *Exit.*

Scene. 3.

Enter Queene and her maide with a light.

Que. So, leave us here a while, beare backe the light,
I would not be diſcovered if he come,
You know his entertainement, ſo be gone,
I am not chearefull troth, what point ſo ere
My powers arrive at: I deſire a league
With deſolate darkedeſſe, and diſconſolate fancies,
There is no muſicke in my ſoule to night.
What ſhould I feare when all my ſervants faiths
Sleepe in my bounty, and no bribes nor threates,
Can wake them from my ſafety? for the King,
He's forty leagues rode forth, I heard it lately:
Yet heavineſſe like a Tyrant, proud in night
Vſurpes my power, rules where it hath no right. *She ſleepes.*
Enter Rex and ſhe ſleepes with Tymethes hudwincke.
Tym. Me thinkes this a longer voyage than the firſt?

Rex.

Rox. Pleaſures once taſted makes the next ſeeme worſe.
Tym. Is that the tricke?
Rox. Oh ſir, experience proves it.
You came at firſt to enjoy what you nere knew,
Now all is but the ſame what ere you doe.
Tym. Ile prove that falſe, the ſight of her is new.
Rox. I have forgot a buſineſſe to my Lord *Mazeres*,
My ſafety to the King relyes upon't,
You are in the houſe my Lord, this is the withdrawing Roome.
Tym. I ſee nothing.
Rox. No matter ſir, as long as you have
Feeling enough.
Tym. Is the Hood off?
Rox. Tis here in my hand ſir,
I muſt crave pardon, leave you here a while,
But as you love my ſafety and your owne
Remove not from this roome till my returne.
Tym. Well here's my hand I will not.
Rox. Tis enough ſir. *Exit.*
Tym. Hiſt, art gone? then boldly I ſtep forth
Cunning diſcoverer of an unknowne beauty
As ſubtle as her plot: Thou art mask't too,
Opens a darke Lanthorne.
Shew me a little comfort, in this condenſive darkeneſſe;
Play the flatterer laugh in my face;
Why here's enough to perfect all my wiſhes;
With this I taſte of that forbidden fruite
Which as ſhe ſayes death followes; death 'twill ſting,
Soft, what roomes this? lets ſee, tis not the former
I was entertaind in, no, it ſomewhat differs;
Rich hangings ſtill, Court deckings, I, and all ——
He ſpies the Queene.
Oh all that can be in mans wiſh compriz'd
Is in thy love immortall, in thy graces,
I am not the ſame fleſh, my touch is alterd.
She awakes.
Que. Haſt thou betrayd me? what haſt thou attempted?

Tym. Nothing that can be prejudiciall
To the ſweete peace of thoſe illuſtrious graces.
Que. Oh my moſt certaine ruine?
Tym. Admired Lady heare me, heare my vow,
Que. Oh miſerable youth none ſaves thee now.
Tym. By that which man holds deareſt dreadfull Queene.
And all that can be in a vow contain'd
Ile prove as true, ſecret, and vigilant
As ever man obſerv'd with ſerious vertue
The dreadfull call of his departing ſoule.
Your owne ſoule to your ſecrets, ſhall not prove more true
Than mine to it, to them, to all, to you.
Que. Oh miſery of affection built on breath?
Were I as far paſt my beleefe in heaven
As in mans oathes, I were the fouleſt devill. (thing,
Tym. May I eate and nere be nouriſhed, live and know no-
Love without enjoying, if ever——
Que. Come, this is more than needes.
Tym. There's comfort then.
Que. You that profeſſe ſuch truth, ſhall I enjoyne you
To one poore penance then to try your faith?
Tym. Be't what it will command it.
Que. Spend but this houre, wherein you have offended
In true repentance of your ſinne, and all
Your haſty youth ſtands guilty of, and being cleare,
You ſhall enjoy that which you hold moſt deare.
Tym. And if this pennance I performe not truely
May I henceforth nere be received to favour.
Que. Why then Ile leave you to your taske a while:
Moſt wretched, doubtfull, ſtrange diſtracted woman,
Ene drawne in peeces betwixt love and feare,
I weepe in thought of both: bold venturous youth,
Twice I writ death, yet would he ſeeke to know me,
He'le make no Conſcience where his oathes beſtow me. *Exit.*
Tym. I'me glad all's ſo well paſt, and ſhe appeas'd,
I ſweare I did expect a harder pennance
When ſhe began to enjoyne me; why, this is wholſome
For ſoule and body, though I ſeldome uſe it.

Her

Her wiſedome is as pleaſing as her beauty,
I never knew affection haſtier borne,
With more true Art and leſſe ſuſpition:
It ſo amaz'd me to know her my Miſtreſſe
I had no power to cloſe the light againe,

Enter the Queene with two Piſtols.

Vnhappy that I was, peace, here ſhe comes.
Downe to thy pennance, thinke of thy whole youth,
From the firſt minute that the wombe conceiv'd me
To this full heaped houre I doe repent me,
With heart as penitent as a man diſſolving,
Of all my ſinnes, borne with me, and borne of me;
Diſhoneſt thoughts and ſights, the pathes of youth,
So thrive in mercy as I end in truth.

She ſhootes him dead.

Que. Fly to thy wiſh, I pray it may be given,
Man in a twinkling is in earth and heaven:
I dealt not like a coward with thy ſoule,
Nor tooke it unprepar'd.
I gave him time to put his armour on
And ſent him forth like a Celeſtiall champion,
I lov'd thee with more care and truer moane,
Since thou muſt dye to taſte more deathes than one
Too much by this pitty and love confeſſes,
Had any warning faſtned on thy ſences:
Raſh, unadviſed youth, whom my ſoule weepes for,
How oft I told thee this attempt was death?
Yet would'ſt thou venture on, fond man and knew?
But what deſtruction will not youth purſue?
Here long mightſt thou have liv'd, beene lov'd, enjoy'd,
Had not thy will thy happineſſe deſtroyd;
Thought'ſt thou by oathes to have thy deedes well borne?
Thou ſhould'ſt have come when man was nere forſworne;
They are dangerous now; witneſſe this breach of thine,
Who's falſe to his owne faith, will nere keepe mine.
We muſt be ſafe, young man, the deed's unknowne,
There are more loves, honours no more than one.
Yet ſpight of death Ile kiſſe thee; oh ſtrange ill,

That for our feares we ſhould our comforts kill?
Whom ſhall I truſt with this poore bleeding body?
Yonder's a ſecret Vault runnes through the Caſtle
There for a while convey him; hapleſſe Boy
that never knew how deare 'twas to enjoy.

Enter Tyrant with a Torch.

Oh I'me confounded everlaſtingly,
Damnd to a thouſand Tortures in that ſight
What ſhall I frame? my Lord *She runnes to him.*

Tyr. What's ſhee?

Que. Oh my ſweete deareſt Lord.

Tyr. Thy name?

Que. Thy poore affrighted and indangered Queene.

Tyr. Oh, I know thee now.

Que. Did not your Majeſty heare the piteous ſhreikes
Of an inforced Lady?

Tyr. Yes, whoſe were they?

Que. Mine my moſt worthy Lord; behold this Villaine
Seald with his juſt deſert: light here my King,
This violent youth, whom till this night, I ſaw not,
Being, as it ſeemes, acquainted with the footeſteps
Of that darke paſſage, broke through the Vault upon me
And with a ſecret Lanthorne ſearcht me out;
And ſeized me at my Oriſons alone
And bringing me by violence to this roome
Farre from my guard, or any hope of reſcue,
Intending here the ruine of my honour;
But in the ſtrife, as the good Gods ordain'd it
Reaching for ſuccour, I lighted on a Piſtoll,
Which I preſum'd was not without his charge,
Then I redeemed mine honour from his luſt,
So he that fought my fall lyes in the duſt.

Tyr. Oh let me imbrace thee for a brave unmatchable
Precious, unvalluewed admirable whore.

Que. Ha! what ſayes my Lord?

Tyr. Come hither, yet draw neater, how came this man
To 's end? I would heare that, I would learne cunning,
Tell me that I may wonder and ſo loſe thee.

There

There is no Art like this; let me partake
A ſubtlety no devill can imitate,
Speake, why is all ſo contrary to time?
He downe and you up? ha, why thus?
Que. I am ſorry for my Lord, I underſtand him not.
Tyr. The deed is not ſo monſtrous in it ſelfe
As is the Art which ponders home the deed;
The cunning doth amaze me paſt the ſinne,
That he ſhould fall before my rage begin.
Que. My Lord.
Tyr. Come hither yet, one of thoſe left hands give me,
Thou haſt no right at all;
Nothing but put a Ring upon a finger
Que. That's a wrong finger for a Ring my Lord.
Tyr. And what was he on whom you bounteouſly beſtow'd
this Iewell?
Que. I doe not like that word. *a ſide*
Tyr. Looke well upon't, doeſt know it? I, and ſtart.
Que. Oh heaven, how came this hither?
Your Highneſſe gave me this, this is mine owne.
Tyr. Tis the ſame ring, but yet not the ſame ſtone
Myſticall Strumpet, doſt thou yet preſume
Vpon thy ſubtle ſtrength? ſhak'ſt thou not yet?
Or is it onely Art makes women conſtant, whom nature
makes ſo looſe?
I looke for gracious lightning from thy cheekes,
I ſee none yet; for a relenting Eye,
I can ſee no ſuch ſight; luſt keepes in all;
My witneſſe? where's my witneſſe? riſe in the ſame forme.
Enter from below, Mazeres habited like Roxano.
Que. Oh I'me betray'd.
Tyr. Is not yon woman an Adultereſſe.
Maz. Yes, my good Lord.
Tyr. Was not this fellow catcht for her deſire?
Brought in a Miſt? banquetted and received
To all her ampleſt pleaſures!
Maz. True, my Lord,
I brought him, ſaw him feaſted and receiv'd,

Tyr.

Tyr. Downe, downe, we have too much.

Que. Oh tis *Roxano.*

Max. So, by this ſleight I have deceiv'd them both,
I'm tooke for him I ſtrive to make her loath. *Exit.*

Tyr Needes here more witneſſes? Ile call up more.

Que. Oh no, here lyes a witneſſe gainſt my ſelfe
Sooner beleev'd than all their hired faiths;
Doome me unto my death, onely except
The lingering execution of your looke;
Let me not live tormented in that brow,
I doe confeſſe.

Tyr. Oh I felt no quicke till now,
All witneſſes to this were but dead fleſh
I was inſenſible of all but this.
Would I had given my Kingdome ſo condition'd
That thou hadſt here confeſſed it.
Now I ſtand by the deed, ſee all in Action,
The cloſe conveyance, cunning paſſages,
The Artfull fetch, the whiſpering cloſe diſguiſings,
The houre, the Banquet, and the baudy Tapers;
All ſticke in mine eye together; yet thou ſhalt live.

Que. Torment me not with life, it askes but death.

Tyr. Oh hadſt thou not confeſt? hadſt thou no ſleight?
Where was thy cunning there?
I ſee it now in thy confeſſion.
Thou ſhalt not dye as long as this is meate,
Thou kill'dſt a Bucke which thou thy ſelfe ſhalt eate.

Que. Deare ſir?

Tyr. Here's Deere ſtrucke dead with thy owne hand,
Tis Veniſon for thy owne tooth, thou know'ſt the reliſh
A dearer place hath beene thy Taſter; hoa, *Sextorio! Lodovico!*

They Enter.

Ambo. Here ſir.

Tyr. Drag hence that body, ſeeke quartered ſleight,
No living wrath can I extend upon't,
Elſe torments, horrors, Gibbets, rackes and wheeles
Had with a thouſand deaths preſented him,
Ere he had taſted one; yet thou ſhalt live.

Heere

Heere, take this Taper lighted, kneele, and weepe,
Ile try which is ſpent firſt, that or thine eye,
Ile provide foode for thee, thou ſhalt not dye.
If there be hell for ſinnes that men commit,
Marry a ſtrumpet and ſhe keepes the pit. *Exit.*

Que. I feard this miſery long before it came,
My ominous dreames, and fearefull dreadfulneſſe
Promis'd this iſſue long before twas borne.

Enter Mazares.

Maz. Yonder ſhe kneeles, little ſuſpecting me
The neate diſcoverer of her Venery.
I were full ſafe had I *Roxano's* life
Which in this ſtreame I fiſh for; how now Lady;
So nere the earth ſuites not a living Queene.

Que. Vnder the earth were ſafer and farre happier?

Maz. What is't that can drive you to ſuch diſcomforts?
To prize your glories at ſo meane a Rate?

Que. The trechery of my ſervants, good my Lord;

Maz. Dare they prove trecherous? moſt ignoble Vaſſals,
To the ſweete peace of ſo divine a Miſtreſſe?

Que. I'me ſure one Villaine, whom I dearely lov'd,
Of whom my truſt had made Election chiefe,
Perfideouſly betray'd me to the fury
Of my tempeſtuous unappeaſed Lord.

Maz. Let me but know him, that I may beſtow
My ſervice to your Grace upon his heart
And thence deſerve a Miſtreſſe like your ſelfe.

Enter Roxano from below.

Que. Oh me, too ſoone behold him.

Maz. Madam, ſtand by, let him not ſee the light.

Rox. Now I expect reward.

Maz. He dyes were he my kinſeman for that guilt,
Though twere as farre to's heart as tis to th' hilt.

Runnes at Roxano.

Rox. Ha? what was that? there's a reward with a vengeance.

Maz. Fall villaine, for betraying of thy Lady,
Such things muſt never creepe about the earth

To poyſon thē right uſe of ſervice—a Trecher!
Que. This is ſome poore revenge, thankes good my Lord,
Into that cave with him from whence he roſe
Not long ſince and betray'd me to the King.
Maz. O villaine, in, and overtake thy ſoule:
Que. Here's a perplexed breſt, let that warme fleſh
Performe but the like ſervice upon me,
And live the rareſt friend to a Queenes wiſh.
Maz. Oh pardon me, that were too full of evill,
I threat not Angels though I ſmite the Devill:
Doubt not your peace, the King will be appeas'd
There Ile beſtow my ſervice.
Que. We are pleas'd.
Maz. As much as comes to nothing; Ile not ſue
To urge the King from that he urg'd him to. *Exit.*
Que. Betrayd where I repos'd moſt truſt? oh heaven,
There is no miſery, fit match for mine.

Enter Tyrant Sertorio, Lodovico, bringing in Tymethes limbes.

Tyr. So, bring 'em forward yet, there, there beſtow thēm,
Before her eyes lay the divided limbes
Of her deſired *Paramour*; ſo, y'are welcome,
Lady you ſee your cheere, fine fleſh, courſe fare,
Sweete was your luſt, what can be bitter there?
By heaven, no other food thy taſte ſhall have,
Till in thy bowels thoſe Corpes finde a grave,
Which to be ſure of, come, Ile locke thee ſafe
From the worlds pitty: hang thoſe quarters up,
The bottome drinkes the worſt in pleaſures cup. *Exeunt omn.*

Act. 3. Scene. 1.

Enter Zenarchus ſolus.

Zen. Oh my *Tymethes!* trueſt joy on earth!
Hath thy fate prov'd ſo flinty? ſo perverſe?
To the ſweete ſpring both of thy youth and hopes?
This was *Mazeres* ſpight, that curſed Rivall,
And if I faile not, his owne plot ſhall ſhower
Vpon his boſome like a falling Tower.

Enter Tyrant.

My worthy Lord:

Tyr. Oh, you ſhould have ſeene us ſooner.

Zen. Why my Lord!

Tyr. The quarters of your friend paſſed by in Triumph,
A ſight that I preſume, had pleas'd you well.

Zen. I call a villaine to my fathers pleaſure,
No friend of mine, the ſight had pleas'd me better,
Had I not like *Mazeres*, run my hate
Into the ſinne before it grew to act;
And kill'd it ere 't had knotted: 'twas rare ſervice,
If your vex'd Majeſty conceive it right,
In politicke *Mazeres*, ſerving more
In this diſcovery, his owne vicious malice
Than any true peace that ſhould make you perfect:
Suffering the hatefull treaſon to be done
He might have ſtopt in his confuſion.

Tyr. Moſt certaine.

Zen. Good your Majeſty bethinke you
In manly temper and conſiderate blood,
Went he the way of loyalty, or your quiet,
After he ſaw the courteſies exceed
T' abuſe your peace, and truſt them with the deed?

Tyr. Oh no, none but a Traytor would have done it.

Zen. For my Lord, weigh't indifferently.

Tyr. I doe, I doe.

Zen. What makes it hēynous, burthenſome, and monſtrous,

Fills you with ſuch diſtractions, breedes ſuch furies
In your incenſed breaſt, but the deede doing?
Tyr. Oh.
Zen. Th' intent had beene ſufficient for his death,
And that full ſatisfaction; but the act —
Tyr. Inſufferable,
Sertorio! where's *Sertorio*. *Enter Sertorio.*
Ser. My Lord.
Tyr. Seeke out *Mazeres* ſuddenly, peace *Zenarchus*
Let me alone to trap him.
Zen. It may prove,
Behold my friend, how I expreſſe my love.
Tyr. Oh villaine, had he pierc'd him at firſt ſight,
Where I have one griefe, I had miſt ten thouſand by't.
Enter Mazeres and Sertorio.
Maz. I dreampt of ſome new honours for my late ſervice,
And I wondred how he could keepe off ſo long from my de-
Tyr. *Mazeres?* (ſert.
Maz. My lov'd Lord.
Tyr. I am forgetfull
I am in thy debt ſome dignities *Mazeres*,
What ſhift ſhall we make for thee? thy late ſervice
Is warme ſtill in our memory and deare favour:
Prithee diſcover to's the manner how
Thou tookeſt them ſubtlely.
Maz. I was received into a waiters roome my Lord.
Tyr. Thou waſt!
Maz. And in a vizard helpt to ſerve the banquet.
Tyr. Ha, ha!
Maz. Saw him conveyd into a Chamber privately.
Tyr. And ſtill thou let'ſt him runne?
Maz. I let him play my Lord.
Tyr. Ha, ha, ha!
Maz. I watcht ſtill nere, till her armes claſpt him.
Tyr. And there thou let'ſt him reſt.
Maz. There he was caught my Lord.
Tyr. So art thou here; drag him to execution he ſhall dye.
With tortures bove the thought of Tyranny. *Exit.*

Zen.

Zen. No words are able to expreſſe my gladneſſe,
Tis ſuch a high borne rapture that the ſoule
Pertakes it onely.

Enter Amphridote and Lodovico.

Amp. My Lord *Mazeres* led
Vnto his death?

Lod. It proves too true deare Princeſſe.

Amp. Curſt be the mouth that doom'd him, and for ever
Blaſted the hand that parts him from his life.
Was there none fit to practiſe Tyrannie on
But whom our heart elected? miſery of love!
I muſt not live to thinke of't.

Zen. Here's my Siſter,
I could not bring that newes will pleaſe her better,
My newes brings that command over your paſſions, you muſt (be merry.

Amp. Have you warrant for't Brother?

Zen. Yes, ſtrong enough yfaith; here me, *Mazeres*
By this time is at his everlaſting home;
Where ere his body lyes, I ſtrucke the ſtroake
I wrought a bitter pill that quickely choak'd him.

Amp. Oh me, my ſoule will out, ſome wine there hoa!

Zen. Wine for our Siſter, for the newes is worth it.

Enter Lod. with wine and Exit.

Am. It will prove deare to both; ſo, give it me; now leave us.

Zen. Revenge nere brought forth a more happy iſſue
Than I thinke mine to be.

She poyſons the wine.

Am. I'me ſetting forth *Mazeres*, here *Zenarchus*.

Zen. Thou art not like this houre, joviall.

Am. I ſhall be after this.

Zen. That does't if any,
Wine doth both helpe defects, and cauſeth many.
Here's to the deed faith of our laſt revenge.

Amp. Dying men Propheſie, faith tis our laſt end;
Now I muſt tell you brother, that I hate you,
In that you have betray'd my lov'd *Mazeres*.

Zen. What's this?

Amp. His deede was loyall, his diſcovery juſt,

He brought to light a monster and his luſt.

Zen. Nay if you grow ſo ſtrumpet like in your behaviour to me,
Ile quickely coole that inſolence.

Amp. Peace, peace,
There is a Champion fights for me unſeene,
I neede not feare thy thereats.

Zen. Indeed no Harlot
But has her Champion, beſides Baud and Varlet; oh!

Amp. Why law you now ſuch geere will nere thrive with you.

Zen. I'me ſicke of thy ſociety, poyſon to mine eyes.

Amp. Tis lower in thy breſt the poyſon lyes.

Zen. How?

Amp. Tis for *Mazeres.*

Zen. Oh you vertuous powers,
What a right ſtrumpet? poyſon under love?

Amp. That man can nere be ſafe that divides love. *She dyes.*

Zen. Nor ſhe be honeſt can ſo ſoone impart,
Oh ware that woman that can ſhift her heart. *Dyes.*

Scene. 2.

Thunder and lightning. A blazing ſtarre appeares. Enter Tyrant.

Tyr. Ha? thunder? and thou marrow melting blaſt
Quicke winged lightning; and thou blazing ſtarre,
I like not thy prodigious bearded fire;
Thy beames are fatall: ha? behold the Influence
Of all their malice in my children ruines?
Their ſtates malignant powers have envyde,
And for ſome haſt ſtrucke with their envies dy'd:
Tis omenous; within there?

Enter Servants and Ladyes.

Lod. Here my Lord.

Tyr. Conveigh theſe bodies a while from my ſight.

Ser. Both dead my Lord.
Tyr. Yes, and we ſafe, our death we need leſſe feare,
Vſurpers iſſue oft proves dangerous,
We depoſe others, and they poyſon us,
I have found it on Records, tis better thus.

Enter the Old King, Lapirus, Fidelio, Amorpho, all diſguiſed like Pilgrims.

Lap. My Lord, this Caſtle is but ſlightly guarded.
King. Tis as I hop'd and wiſh'd; now bleſſe us heaven,
What horrid and inhumaine ſpectacle
Is yonder that preſents it ſelfe to ſight?
Fid. It ſeemes three quarters of a man hung up.
Kin. What Tiranny hath beene exercis'd of late? I dare not venture on.
Amo. Feare not my Lord, our habits give us ſafety.
Lap. Behold, the *Tyrant* maketh toward us.
Tyr. Holy, and reverent Pilgrims, welcome.
Kin. Bold ſtrangers, by the Tempeſt beaten in.
Tyr. Moſt welcome ſtill, wee are but ſtewards for ſuch gueſts as you,
What we poſſeſſe is yours, to your wants due,
We are onely rich for your neceſſities.
King. A generous, free, and charitable minde
Keepes in thy boſome to poore Pilgrims kinde.
Tyr. Tis time of day to dine my friends; *Sertorio?*

Enter Sertorio.

Ser. My Lord?
Tyr. Our food.
Ser. Tis ready for your highneſſe.

Lond Muſicke. A banquet brought in, and by it a ſmall Table for the Queene.

Tyr. Sit, pray ſit, religious men right welcome
Vnto our Cates. Grave ſir I have obſerv'd
You waſte the vertue of your ſerious eye
Too much on ſuch a worthleſſe objects as that is.
A Traytor when he liv'd call'd that his fleſh;
Let hang, here's to you, we are the oldeſt here,
Round let it goe, feede, if you like your cheere.

Enter

Enter Sertorio.

Ser. My Lord.
Tyr. How now?
Ser. Ready my Lord.
Tyr. Sit merry. *Exit.*
King. Where ere I looke theſe limbes arē in mine eye.
Lap. Some wretch on whom he wrought his Tyranny.
Fid. Hard was his fate to light into his mercy.
Amorp. Peace, he comes.

Soft Muſicke. Enter the Tyrant with the Queene, her haire looſe, ſhe makes a Curtſie to the Table. Sertorio brings in the fleſh with a skull all bloody, they all wonder.

Tyr. I perceive ſtrangers more deſire to ſee
An obj ect than the fare before them ſet;
But ſince your eyes are ſerious Suitors growne
I will diſcourſe; what's ſeene ſhall now be knowne.
King. Your bounty every way conquers poore ſtrangers.
Tyr. Yon Creature whom your eyes ſo often viſit
Held mighty ſway over our powers and thoughts,
Indeed we were all hers
Beſides her graces, there were all perfections;
Vnleſſe ſhe ſpeakes, no muſicke: till her wiſhes
Brought forth a monſter, a deteſted iſſue
Poyſoning the thoughts I held of her.

The Old King ſends forth Amorpho.

She did from her owne ardour undergoe
Adulterous baſeneſſe with my profeſſed foe;
Her luſt ſtrangely betray'd, I ready to ſurprize them,
Set on fire by the abuſe, I found his life
Cunningly ſhifted by her owne deare hand
And far enough convey'd from my revenge:
Vnnaturally ſhe firſt abus'd my heart,
And then prevented my revenge by Art.
Yet there I left not; though his trunke were cold
My wrath was flaming, and I exercis'd
New vengeance on his carcaſe; and gave charge
The body ſhould be quarter'd and hung up; twas done,

This

This as a pennance I enjoyn'd her to
To taſte no other ſuſtenance; no nor dares
Till her loves body be conſum'd in hers.
Kin. The ſinne was great, ſo is the pennance greivous.
Tyr. Our vow is ſign'd.
Kin. And was he *Lydian* borne?
Tyr. He was no leſſe, ſonne to mine Enemie,
A baniſht King; *Tymethes* was his name.
Kin. Oh me, my ſonne *Tymethes.*
Lap. Paſſion may ſpoyle us: ſir, we oft have heard
Of that old King his father; and that juſtly
This Kingdome was by right due to his ſway.
Tyr. It was, I thinke it was, till we call'd in
By pollicy and force deceiv'd his confidence,
Shew'd him a tricke of warre and turn'd him out.
Kin. Sinnes boaſt is worſe than ſinne.

Enter Fidelio.

Fid. All's ſure, the guards are ſeiz'd on.
Lap. Good.
Fid. The Paſſagē ſtrongly guarded.
Tyr. Holy ſir, what's he?
Lap. Our brother, a poore Pilgrime, that gives notice
Of a Religious father that attends
To beare us company in our Pilgrimage.
Tyr. Oh, ho, tis good, tis very good.
Kin. Alas poore Lady, it makes meē weepe to ſee what
food ſhe eates.
I know your mercy will remit this pennance.
Tyr. Never, our vow's irrevocable, never;
The Letcher muſt be ſwallowed rib by rib,
His fleſh is ſweete, it melts, and goes downe merrily,

They diſcover themſelves.

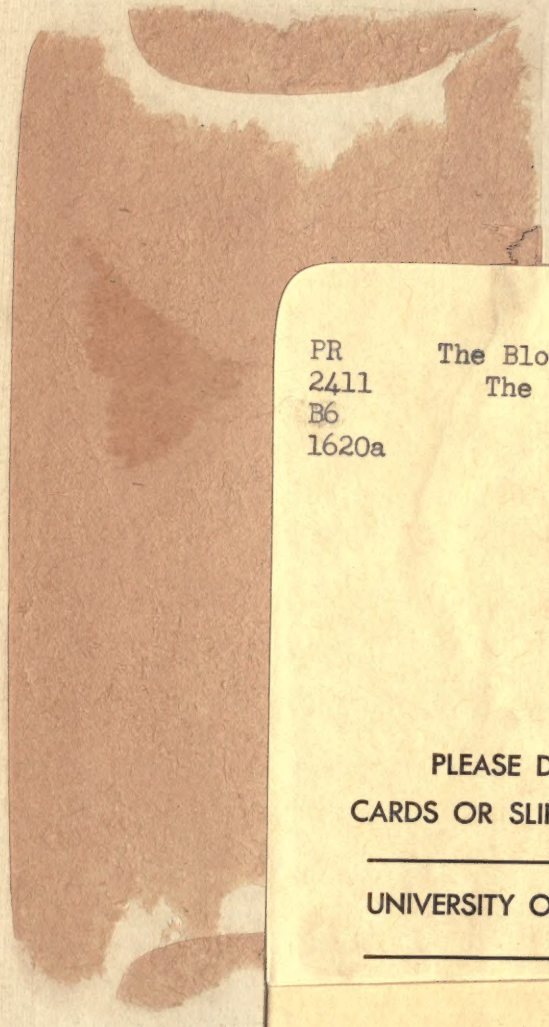
Ha? what arē theſe?
Lap. Speranza.
Tyr. Ha?
King. Villaine, this minute looſes thee, thou Tyrant.
Tyr. Pilgrims weare armes? the old King? and *Lapirus?*
Betrayd? confounded? oh, I muſt dye forſworne;

Breake vow, bleed Whore, there is my jealousie flowne.
He kils his Queene.
Oh happie man, tis more revenge to me
Then all your aymes, I have kill'd my jealousie.
I have nothing now to care for more than hell
'T had beene if you had strucke me ere she fell.
I had left her to your lust, the thought is bitternesse,
But she first falne; ha, ha, ha.
King. Dye cruell murtherous Tyrant.
They all discharge at him.
Tyr. So, laugh away this breath,
My lust was nere more pleasing than my death. *Dyes.*
Lap. As full possest as ever, and as rich
In Subjects hearts and voyces; we present thee
The compleat sway of this usurped Kingdome.
Kin. I am so borne betwixt the violent streames
Of Ioy and passion, I forget my state;
To all our thankes and favours, and what more
We are in debt to all your free consent
We will discharge in happie government.
Enter the Old Queene disguised, a Boy with her.
Que. The peacefull'st reigne that ever Prince enjoy'd.
Kin. Already a Petition? suitors begin betimes
We are scarce warme in our good fortune yet, what are you?
Que. Vnworthiest of all the joyes this houre brings forth.
She discovers.
Kin. Our dearest Queene?
Que. Your poore distressed Queene.
Kin. Oh let me light upon that constant brest,
And kisse thee till my soule melt on thy lips:
Our Joyes were perfect, stood *Tymethes* there,
We are old; this Kingdome wants a hopefull heire.
Que. Your joyes are perfect though he stand not there,
And your wish blest b hold a hopefull heire:
Stand not amaz'd, 'tis *Manophes*.
Kin. How just the Gods are? who in their due time
Returne what they tooke from us.
Que. Happy houre,

Heaven

Heaven hath not taken all our happineſſe;
For though your elder met ill fate, good heaven
Hath thus preſerv'd your yonger for your heire.
Kin. Prepare thoſe limbes for honourable buriall,
And noble Nephew all your ill is loſt
In your late new borne goodneſſe, which we'le reward,
No ſtorme of fate ſo fierce but time deſtroyes,
And beates backe miſerie with a peale of Joyes.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



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The Bloodie banquet
The bloody banquet

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